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And thy eyes beam! Its power I dread
to sing:
Oh happy he! who from it speeds his
flight;
Yet hapless he! thy charms can't bless
his sight. NEM—s.

TO LUCY.

THE moth who round the taper flies
Unconscious of his fearful doom,
Lured by the bright destruction dies,
In rushing to a flaming tomb.
More blessed than I, who know my fate,
And all my danger plainly view,
Yet can't from thy loved charms retreat,
But eager what consumes pursue.
Enchanting maiden pity lend,
Those tempting harms from me conceal;
Or kind at once my anguish end,
By letting balmy hope prevail.
If I am doomed your scorn to prove,
I envy how the moth expires;
I should live racked by slighted love,
He dies obtaining his desires.

HELIOTROPUS

THE FAREWELL.

WRITTEN ON LEAVING BUNCRANA, IN HIS
MAJESTY'S SHIP L'ARGUS, SEP. 1808.

"The wand'ring streams that shine between the
hills,
The grotts that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant among the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;
No more these scenes my meditation aid." POPE.

AH! why will fortune thus our hopes
undo,
Why will her frowns our ev'ry step pur-
sue?
Can her relentless soul no pity feel,
For all our wand'rings round her fickle
wheel?
Will not her breast the softer passions
move,
The sigh of friendship, or the charms of
love?
No, ruthless dame! for ever changeful be,
A lover's anguish cannot plead with thee;
Friendship may wish, and hope, and sigh
in vain,
You but enjoy the friend and lover's pain.
Thus I lamented, as the fresh'ning gale,
Whistled along and fill'd the spreading
sail;
Sudden I turn'd, as nigh the point* we
drew.

But the lov'd spot receded from my view,
Eager I ran, and snatch'd the glass† a-
gain,
Eager I look'd, but found I look'd in vain;

* Dunree point in Lough Swilly, which when past
prevents a view of Bunrana.
† Spy-glass.

And slowly turning, felt the lab'ring sigh,
And the full tear half glist'ning in my
eye,
Nor did I stop the mite—to friendship
dear,
Say can you call it an unmanly tear?
'Twas parting caus'd the limpid drop to
flow,
And I don't blush to pay the debt I owe.

Now down the lough the Argus plows }
her way,
Her hundred eyes† oft moisten'd by the }
spray,
Heedless of what we think, or what we }
say;
Yet as if conscious how her guarded sides,
Spurn the white foam as swift along she
glides,
'Till quite surrounded by old Ocean's
wave,
Adieu Bunrana! was the sigh we gave,
And as from view the less'ning land de-
cay'd,
Gave a last look, and to myself thus said,
"Wherever Happiness thou may'st dwell,
Whether with kings, or in the hermit's
cell,
Quit thy abode with all thy smiling train,
Peace, Joy, and Pleasure, and this spot
attain;
Here ev'ry charm of innocence impart,
And bless the cheerful mind, and gen'rous
heart,
Then may we hope for happier days to
come,
When wand'ring is no more the Sailor's
doom." J. P.

TO WOMAN.

ADDRESSED TO THE AMTARLE MRS. H.

O woman! dear object of love and de-
light,
How oft has my lay been inscrib'd to
thy name,
With ardour increas'd, my fond vows still
I plight,
And give but the tribute thy merits can
claim.
With thee in life's path should I joyfully
tread,
The frowns of adversity ne'er could ap-
pal,
The sweet smile of woman, contentment
would spread,
And the moments of happiness ever
recol.
When urged by misfortune, and clouded
by grief,
We feel the corroding attacks of des-
pair,

† Alluding to the heathen mythology. The Ar-
gus has the image of a peacock, with a hundred
eyes painted in the tail, for the figure head.